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Let war and trade and creeds and song
Blend, ripen, race on race,
The sunburnt world a man shall breed
Of all the zones and countless days.

—EMERSON.

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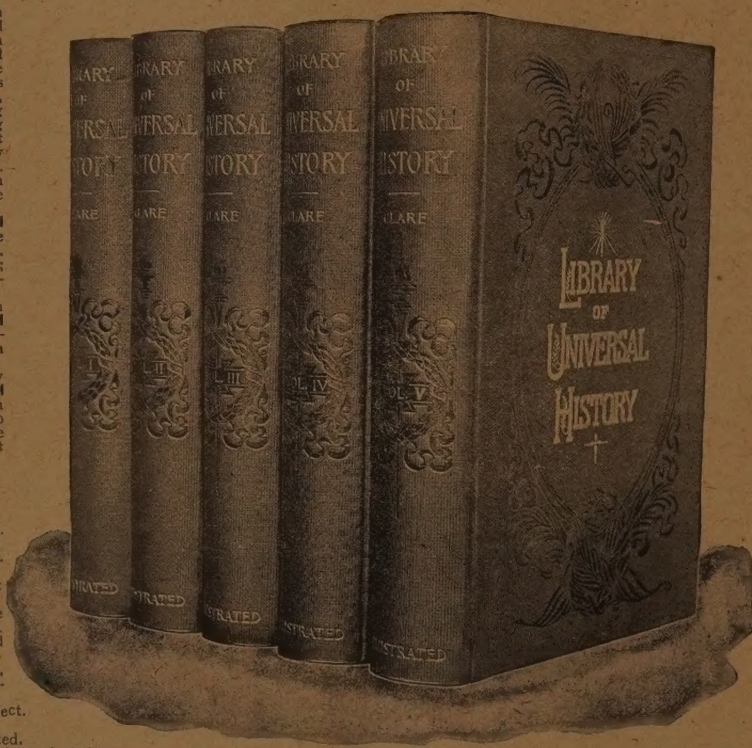

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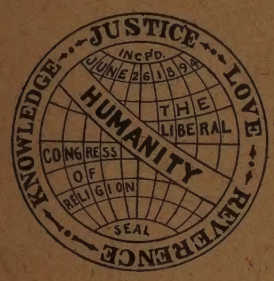
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1897. NUMBER 20



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

We take pleasure in reprinting from the Boston *Transcript* some account of the Whittier Pilgrimage, recently conducted by the Old South Historical Society of Boston, from the pen of Edwin D. Mead. Further explanation, not only of this visit to the haunts of Whittier, but of the valuable work done by this society the last year in the study of the anti-slavery struggle, will be found in the ever valuable Editor's Table of the *New England Magazine* for July. Parents and teachers, as well as students of history in high school and college, will find these suggestions not only illuminating but inspiring.

At last the quest for the ten noblest poems in English literature, instituted a year ago by the editor of this paper, has come to publication. The pamphlet is advertised elsewhere and will be noticed in our Study Table department, and is out in the world following its elder brother,—the quest of the "Ten Greatest Novels," which has been pursuing its way for some thirteen years. This is a little side-pocket guide to the great treasures of English verse. We cannot see how it can fail to interest, and serve school-boy and school-girl as well as their professors. We trust it will reach from the busy farm-home to the university. THE NEW UNITY will be glad to hear from those who are to make the acquaintance of this silent guide through the land of the poets, which, popular opinion notwithstanding, is the land of practical affairs, the land of toil, the land of usefulness and strength.

We are sorry to learn through the communication sent out by the American Purity Alliance that the House of Lords recently publicly endorsed and commended steps taken by the Secretary of State for India to reintroduce "State Regulation of Vice in Connection with the British Army in India" and possibly in England. It is hard to believe that this step backward will be taken by a government that has just celebrated its jubilee of progress and civilization. That tireless worker for purity, Aaron M. Powell, President of the American Purity Alliance, No. 105 East 22d Street, New York, is circulating a petition among representative Americans, to be signed by them and forwarded to Queen Victoria. No better work could be done by many of our readers than to send to the above address for copies of this appeal, sign it themselves and circulate among others and let it speed its way across the water with its protest against the demoralizing procedure. The appeal thus states what we believe to be the highest philosophy as well as the imperative ethics in the case:

"State supervised vice is, in effect, an incitement to vicious indulgence; is morally wrong; is unjust to women and degrading to men. We furthermore respectfully submit that that which is morally wrong cannot, by any possible method of state and medical supervision, be rendered hygienically safe and physiologically right; that the alleged sanitary benefit of regulation is altogether illusory and misleading; that the soldier or civilian may be saved *from* sin, but not *in* sin; that the true and only antidote for vice and its inevitably attendant diseases is the chaste, pure life."

We have alluded elsewhere to the encouraging words and deeds of our correspondents concerning the Liberal Congress, but not all correspondents are thus sympathetic. One Director writes: "I wish I felt more interest in the Congress, but since the complete failure of the missionary spirit with which it first started out I do not see much in it to awaken enthusiasm or inspire sacrifice." Between this brother and the other brother, who, because of what he calls the "agressive missionary spirit of the Congress," has lost his interest in it, there is a body, we know not how large, who believe that the proclamation of truths and the promulgation of ideas, the incorporation of fellowship and of good will among different sects, is in itself a mighty missionary work. This is the constituency that is gradually but surely rallying around the standards of the Congress. It is the constituency that is springing up in unexpected ways and places to the support of THE NEW UNITY. To this constituency we look for support, and for it we gladly work. The first correspondent, with exclamatory penmanship, pronounces "a fellowship of the sects an irridescent dream," and declares that it ought to be such. He

adds, "We need the sects and we need the friction that comes of conflict. The millennium would be a calamity." If a calamity, it is, alas, one that we are not immediately threatened with. The millennium is a good thing to work for, and we know of no tools to be used in this work but the tools of love and appreciation. Editorially, we are unequivocally committed to this "irridescent dream." We believe that the schisms that make sects are surface scratches in the spiritual commonwealth, The great vascular life of human society is organized through, underneath, and above these sect lines. We would rather be a tolerant Romanist, feeling the tug of life outside and beyond our dogma, than to be the liberal bigot who looks at the differences as hopeless and final, and claims a monopoly in his own narrow estimate of breadth and progress. The Liberal Congress, we believe, appeals increasingly to men upon whom circumstances have fixed differing and perhaps conflicting labels.

Notwithstanding the hard times and the vacation season, the substantial support to the Liberal Congress work coming in is of an encouraging character. Since the publication of our annual statement of finances, many of our annual and other members have been heard from, some with inclosures, others with subscriptions, and still others with assurances of good will and promise of support when possible. Our correspondents and others will please note that the books of the Liberal Congress are kept on the theory that the fiscal year ends on the first of June. All annual subscriptions received during the year are put down to the credit of the year thus ending. This is why we have sent request of renewal to some members before the expiration of twelve months. We only ask a renewal of subscription, payment of which can be made any time during the twelve months, and due credit will be given them. It makes no difference to the subscribers, but it simplifies the bookkeeping of the congress. It still remains as intended by both parties, that five dollars carries with it twelve months' privileges, and, what is better, twelve months' support and encouragement. Since our last acknowledgments nearly eighty dollars have been received, which sum will be duly credited in these columns. Any delay in the acknowledgment by mail will be accounted for by the temporary removal of the secretary's office from Chicago to Tower Hill. All further remittances, communications of any kind up to September 12th, had better be addressed to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, General Secretary, Spring Green, Wis.

Professor David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, writes us, under date of June 30th: "I leave this week for Behring Sea, where I shall have another struggle with the beasts that were, remaining there about two months. From my present point of view I cannot see my way clear to be at Nashville, unless I am forced to go on account of government work, then I could stop a few days as I did last year." This leaves us some grounds for hope that Dr. Jordan will be with us. The following, from a letter from the venerable Prof. Joseph Le Conte, of Berkeley, Col., who may well be called the mentor among American geologists, and a spiritual leader of men, as well as a teacher of science, will show the nature of many letters received by the secretary,—a refusal tempered by such gracious appreciation that it becomes an encouragement. Professor Le Conte was asked to come to Nashville and tell his fellow-citizens of the South what evolution has to say about life, to which he replied:

"I have felt strongly urged to comply with your invitation, urged both by the greatness of the subject and by the importance of the field. When I was last in the South, last winter, I saw evidences of a deep undercurrent of liberal thought, but afraid to show itself openly. I do believe the harvest is ripening. While I therefore most sincerely sympathize with your efforts, yet it is simply impossible for me to do more than express my wishes for your success. The time comes in the middle of our first semester, and I shall be more than usually tired. I own by the fact that by my request and my offer to carry on a part of his work—my associate in geology has been sent by the University as a delegate to the International Geological Congress to meet at St. Petersburg in August and September."

Not all the letters are of this sympathetic character, though. One prominent layman in the South, after having written cordial words, took time to read the printed material sent, and perhaps found new light on this subject, and hastened to retract his words of encouragement by saying:

"When my letter to you was written, I was under the impression that the movement was strictly orthodox in all its features, and intended only to cultivate good will between all orthodox Christian denominations, as well as between the sections of our country. As a firm believer in the inspiration of the Bible as God's revelation to man, and in the divinity of Christ, I am not a little disturbed by the apparent absence of all recognition of these fundamental doctrines in the publications sent me. I am deeply enlisted in the cause of Christian fellowship, and of citizen fellowship, but I am still more deeply concerned in the preservation of the faith of our people in the great truths of Christianity as held by the leading Christian denominations of the world."

A bishop of the Episcopal church occupying one of the important dioceses of that territory, writes us at great length and with great kindness the reason why he could not accept an invitation to speak on the platform of the congress. He sums up his carefully written argument as follows:

"Finally, you see that my liberality is limited by a dogma, viz.: 'Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and no man cometh to the Father but by Him' (St. John 14: 6). With those who accept this dogma, be they of whatever name or variety of

opinion, I am only too glad to co-operate, but I cannot by word or act encourage even the suggestion that there is any other way, or any other name, under heaven whereby we may be saved. This may appear to some to be narrow and illiberal and dogmatic, but to me it is a matter of life and death."

But notwithstanding the letters of declination, many from inability to attend, a few from lack of sympathy with the organization, we have a cheering number of acceptances at hand—enough to warrant a full and attractive programme, which we still withhold for a while, hoping thus to avoid disappointment or premature announcements. Dr. Lewinthal, of the local committee at Nashville, writes the secretary: "Before leaving home I looked after nearly everything we planned to. Chancellor Kirkland of the Vanderbilt University will be with us. The reception to the congress by the ladies in the Woman's Building will be tendered. The Ladies' Assembly Room and the Children's Building will be at our disposal."

On Horseback.

Emerson somewhere suggests to one in quest of an impressive view of the landscape, to look out upon it from between one's legs. That is a unique suggestion, but it places one in an awkward and strained attitude, to say the least. This is avoided, and much the same result is gained by one who takes a long view of the landscape on horseback. A hundred miles of country road, for the most part out of sight, and oftentimes out of hearing of a railroad train, makes the old world new, and familiar scenes fresh and inspiring.

Ye editor, on his good horse Roos left the editorial care and city dust and noise upon his annual pilgrimage, on Monday, the 28th. He managed to pick his way out of the great city through boulevard, park, and avenue without touching the distracting thoroughfares which represent the arterial life of a great city, or the painful comedy, architectural and otherwise, of the "outskirts." The belated spring was being atoned for by the intense summer days, the farmers' gloomy prognostications of "no corn crop," were suddenly laid aside and forgotten in the urgent demands for all the energy, man and horse-power, which the farm could yield, to fight the weeds which are making such tremendous strides in their effort to keep up with the corn. The clover fields, magnificent in their pinkish hue, were yielding to the sickle of the mowers. Women and children were either upon the ladders, among the branches of the cherry-trees, or down on their knees in the strawberry patches. The five days we were on the road were the terrible days, according to the weather reports and the calendar of casualties in the Chicago papers, but still the horse and rider fared well, and we would not have realized the heat had not the sun sent his piercing arrows through the exposed cuticle wherever presented, and then inspired an army of Brownies to dig drainage canals under the skin, which cannot be accomplished without sensations.

How the bicycle frays out on the margin of a great city! Forty, fifty and more miles away, we encountered boys and girls, men and women, who left the city "this morning early," and expect to be "back to-night late." Once in a while these century runs of the day were extended into the coveted "one night out and back next day." The horseman from his aristocratic heights blessed the inventor of the bicycle, and wondered how the world had gotten along without it so long. But even the friend of the wheel was compelled to see its dangers, when he had to overhear, at the pretty little country tavern, the conversation of the two boys from Chicago (who, with him, had made arrangements for the bowl of bread and milk at five o'clock in the morning, preliminary to the early start). These two bright boys of the high school, the Sunday school, and the church were comparing notes as to the number of cigarettes smoked during the day. The "six to eight" of it was sad.

"I say, B—, did not that last glass of beer at Cross Roads make you sick? It did me. I don't think I will try it again."

B—: "No! It used to at first, but now I can take a glass of beer every fifteen or twenty miles all along the road, and feel the better for it."

The first inquirer drops the subject, becomes reflective, and apparently ashamed of his amateurish imbecility.

At another time, in the gathering dusk of the evening, the horseman came upon two children, a boy and a girl of the knee-pants age, with a hurt ankle and a damaged wheel, two miles and a half away from starting-point and from destination, feeling afraid — veritable babes in the woods, almost ready to cry. The bicycle is a hard thing to live up to. Each new triumph over the physical world calls for a growth of spirit. It is the problem of the age, how to keep up with our environment, how to keep the spirit on top, the soul in the saddle, masterfully riding things.

On Thursday night ye rider was due at Janesville, one hundred or more miles away from Chicago, as the horse trotted. The night was so hot that but few people cared what the editor of THE NEW UNITY "saw and felt in Italy," but a goodly number of the old guard of All Souls Church did care enough about their old friend and pastor to defy the heat and come out to greet him and listen to whatever he might say. Most anything would do, for it was the revival of the old fellowship that made the occasion pleasant. Next morning even the old soldier weakened in the presence of the rising thermometer, and the cavalry expedition, horse

and rider, boarded the train and shortened the distance. On Saturday afternoon, on the very green where, in 1861, as a schoolboy, he took his first marching lessons, ye editor spoke to a gathering of "old soldiers" who were also old friends, neighbors, and comrades. This village celebration of the Fourth was a significant study in patriotism. The bang-whang of the city, the life and death struggle with torpedo crackers, bombs, and toy pistols which characterizes the Fourth of July celebration at the metropolis gave way to the patient—it might be said delighted—listening to speeches. Here again oratory was reinforced by local pride and association, for was not the first orator a stripling just from the village high school, the second a Spring Green boy just graduated from the State University, covered all over with oratorical honors, and the third an old Spring Green boy, who needed all the reinforcement of gray hairs and accumulated experience in order to keep within hailing distance of his youthful town-fellows.

Then comes Westhope Cottage on Tower Hill, quiet, rest, sleep, and the accumulated mail of seven days, with much matter concerning the Nashville meeting, the weekly needs of THE NEW UNITY, and the investigating interest in the Tower Hill Summer School of Literature which is to be opened by a sermon by Dr. Thomas of Chicago on August 8th, and to continue two weeks, during which time there will be a course of lectures by Mr. Simmons of Minneapolis on Greek Dramas; another course by Mr. Jones of Chicago on Modern Novels; Studies in Rocks, under the direction of Professor Perisho, of the Plattville Normal School; of Birds, under the lead of Dr. Libby, of the State University; a search for ten noble poems, as per announcement printed in these columns. Following all this mail comes the faithful amanuensis, and the diligent click of the typewriter is being heard on the hill—a sort of thorough-bass to the wind-music in the trees. By it the above interests will be served, our readers kept in line, and we trust in hand, by means of this long-arm connection with the Chicago office. Communications of every kind intended for the editor or the secretary will reach him more directly by being addressed to Spring Green, Wis.

Make Journalism a Profession.

There is a growing tendency to discuss the future of journalism, all of which implies, where it does not assert, that at present journalism has no definite purpose, and no unified method. The religious papers are growing into considerable likeness; but the daily news-press is a discordant effort at an indefinite something. (1) Shall the newspaper simply be made to pay? That is the remotest end of many of its corps. (2) Shall it aim foremost of all to give the news? That, too, opens a vast door for various notions of what is news. (3) Shall it rise to the office of instructor? A few evidently desire to reach some such end. (4) I think the ablest editors, however, are anxious rather to please the average intelligent reader. McCullough was a man of this sort. (5) A lower grade, but a very numerous class, seeks rigidly to act as a party organ.

The elbowing of papers for patronage would be more interesting if they had a common code or professional creed. As it is, the whole affair is a rough and tumble, with now one on top and now another. The English *Times* got its place as the representative of John Bull. It stood for the bluff game of the Island against the world. In this country we have no representative American paper; and never did have. The early factionalism went directly into sectionalism; and at the best we had first Federal and anti-Federal papers, then Northern and Southern. The New York *Tribune*, under Greeley, came the nearest being a great North American paper we ever had. The end of sectionalism ended the reign of the *Tribune*. The satire of Factionalism was mingled with gross personality—that spared nobody, least of all Washington, Jefferson, and Adams. This passed into the libellous bravado that extended till 1860. Then rose the interviewer era, worse than both its predecessors.

Literature hurriedly ran over its antecedent stages into a gross effort to picture everything as it is. Journalistic realism claims the right to publish everything that occurs, as news. It is from this sort of realism that society of the present day has the most fear. It is nonsense for the press to charge the increase of outlawry among young lads to reading cheap novels, so long as their own pages contain material of the same sort. The position of the newspaper as an instructor is certainly honorable in intent, but the result can hardly be more than sporadic and incidental. As a party organ, a newspaper can rarely be consistent with the opinions held by its own managers and editors. It seldom occurs that either party or any party has a platform that is solidly believed in by a dozen independent thinkers. On the staffs of a great daily are mixed up men of all shades of opinion as to such problems as tariff, currency, and states' rights. When the campaign is well on, these are expected to work as a unit for a set of principles they do not honestly indorse. It has followed that the newspaper as a party organ and whipper-in is demoralizing in the extreme. It begins by cultivating dishonesty, and ends by indorsing action which its managers believe to be politically false and ruinous. The ablest managing editors pride themselves on having all sorts of independent views represented in the corps, which must, however, be compelled to absolute subservience to party when required. A man who has views and will not suppress them, however

able otherwise, is a *persona non grata* in such an office.

The answer to the journalistic problem is probably the same answer which has before been given to parallel questions in school and church, that is, make journalism a profession. Preaching was a pick-up of peripatetics and tramp exhorters until the church took up the orderly plan of a ministry as a profession — duly educated for a specific purpose by adequate established methods. The medical profession had a similar history. The legal profession antedates all the others, and is to-day the strongest. There is a bobtail element to all these professions, but these are kept under decent control. To-day education in America is going through the same experiment. President Schurman of Cornell is notable for his resolution to bring the teaching element to order. It must be made a profession, he says, so that a person who enters it will stay there. Heretofore half the teachers have taken schools to earn a little money, and then get into some other employment. Horace Mann created the normal school. Schurman would have teachers' collegiate schools, and allow no college graduate to teach before being specially qualified, any more than another should practice law or medicine without a diploma certifying to his special qualification for those ends.

Journalism is in all right senses a profession: yet journalists as a rule are not professionals, but amateurs. Nine out of ten are pick-ups. There has been a drift of young collegians as they leave college classes, without the least special preparation, to take up with reporting as a temporary resort. There is a vague hope that some day it will be possible to work up to an editor's chair. These young fellows nearly all fail, as they naturally must — and most are spoiled in the attempt for other professions. There is no work that requires more specific training or special qualifications than that of journalism. The work of the reporter, while sometimes useful in the process of training, is by no means in the regular line toward the editor's chair. Many excellent reporters never become anything else. But this crowd of amateurs degrades even the reporter's work. It invites the young man to turn all his training down into smartness. It ends in a general degradation of collegiate education. It also has depraved the general business of reporting. Our great dailies are smirched with the efforts of young fellows to show wit in association with vulgar events.

Journalism has, however, gone about as far as it can in this struggle after striking and popular methods. It has exhausted the possibilities. There will probably come very soon a strong revulsion from the billboard, fantastic style, to a chaste earnestness. The Bill Nye and Dr. Talmadge material has been overdone. The era of court fools passed away; and bishops stopped going to great councils with clowns and courtesans in their train. The people are sickening of these popular extravagancies of the press. It is not necessary to legislate Punch and Judy out of existence. Interviewing is overdone; it is turning god-sip into slander. The day will surely pass when our intellectual table will be set with hash made of every possible material that can be scavengered from every possible social gutter, carrion not excluded.

The idea that a young man is taught journalism by giving him lectures on reporting, or news-sketching, and a few more on the history and methods of great editors, is misleading. These boys cannot repeat Greeley, or Raymond, or Medill, or McCullough. It is well they cannot. None of these are general ideals. Greeley filled an admirable place in a passing era. He would be wretchedly out of place at the present day. There are a few relics of the past now outliving their possibility of adjusting themselves to the times. The present is a transitional era, neither furiously partisan, as in 1800, nor intensely individual, as in 1850, nor yet settled down to the sober, strong, honest discussion of national events for the nation's good, that will surely come with the ripening of our institutions. The parties are practically dead.

Personal journalism is on its last legs. The waste-basket style cannot persist much longer.

We welcome the efforts of our universities to teach journalism in its higher branches. But it must be understood that the curriculum shall be broad, informing, and stimulating. It should include history, especially American history; not party history only, but social and political history in the broader sense. It should include economics and currency, and the history of the same. It should cover the history of the church and the school, as well as of government and governmental institutions. It should familiarize young men with high ideals, like Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Lincoln. But in doing so there should be a thorough study of the master works of these great minds. It should lay deep moral principles of social obligation It should lift the young man above partisanship into a true nationality. It should not be either conservative or radical, but it should be both. It should place the student in sympathy with all the industries, agriculture and commerce, as well as manufactures. In this way, and this alone, can journalism take its true place as the chief power for building the future of a great nation.

E. P. P.

Forever from the hand that takes
One blessing from us others fall;
And, soon or late—our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all.
—*Whittier.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

God's Comfort.

One day I met the Eternal. 'T was that day
When my first sad Ideal, with haggard eyes,
Whispered, "Thou hast betrayed me." Crushed I lay,
When suddenly a Presence passed that way,
And God himself had stooped to bid me rise.

HANNAH PARKER KIMBALL.

Poet of New England.

ASSOCIATION OF WHITTIER'S POETRY WITH HIS HOMES AND HAUNTS.

The Old South Historical Society has chosen as the place for its second annual pilgrimage, in which it invites all of the Boston young people to join, the Whittier country on the Merrimac — Haverhill, the poet's birthplace, the scene of "Snow-Bound," and Amesbury, through all his later years his home. It is a happy choice. It will bring home to the young people who join in the pilgrimage, more vividly than anything else could do, the close association of Whittier's works with the New England country in which the works had birth.

Whittier was pre-eminently the poet of New England. There has indeed been no New England poet for whom New England itself has not largely furnished material and inspiration, but Whittier cannot be conceived of off of the New England ground, without the New England traditions behind him, and the New England blood flowing in his veins. Whittier's first published book was devoted to New England. It was a little collection of sketches and poems, "Legends of New England, in Prose and Verse." This volume was afterwards suppressed, as was his next significant venture, also touching New England history, the poem "Moll Pitcher." His third important work, "Mogg Megone," first published in 1836, long continued to hold the first place in the successive editions of his poems, and this early poem has a very genuine interest for one who is contemplating Whittier as the poet of New England. "The story of Mogg Megone," he said, "has been considered by the author only as a framework for sketches of the scenery of New England and of its early inhabitants." The New England landscape, the old Indian life, the pages of the colonial annalists—these were what he loved to study, and these furnish the themes for how many of his poems! There are a hundred New England places which the New Englander never looks upon save with Whittier's eyes and through the atmosphere which Whittier created. Whittier loved to give his poems a geographical setting, loved to set one poem of action or of meditation within another poem of place, loved to paint this hilltop or this shore where he thought thus, or where he and his friend spoke so and so. "The Last Walk in Autumn," "The Chapel of the Hermits," "Miriam," "The Preacher," "The Tent on the Beach," all are such poems within poems."

So, with a glimpse at the steeples of Newburyport, at the meadow lands under the crimson-tinted clouds, and the white sails of ships beyond, he passes on, in "The Preacher," to his searching study of Whitefield and Edwards and of what was strong and what was dreadful in the old New England theology.

Most beautiful, as of course most important, of all the poems of this class — most beautiful and most important artistically, perhaps, of all the poet's works, save "Snow-Bound" alone — is "The Tent on the Beach." The descriptions here of Salisbury Beach, where the three friends pitched their tent, near the mouth of the Merrimac, and where the poet reads his poems to the traveler and the man of books — these descriptions are so charming and make such a part of the very texture of the work that Salisbury Beach becomes forever the poet's property, sealed with his seal, as the Wayside Inn at Sudbury belongs chiefly forever to the verse of Longfellow. Most of the single poems embodied in "The Tent on the Beach"—"The Wreck of Rivermouth" (Hampton River), "The Grave by the Lake" (Winnipiseogee), "The Changeling" (one of the witchcraft ballads), "The Maids of Attitash" (Attitash is the name of a large and beautiful lake in the northern part of Amesbury), "The Dead Ship of Harpswell," "The Palatine" (the old ship wrecked on the rocks of Manisees), and Abraham Davenport" (the strong old Stamford legislator) — are New England poems; "The Brother of Mercy" and "Kallundborg Church" alone in the collection deal with foreign subjects.

The Tent on the Beach was pitched at the very mouth of the Merrimac. The Merrimac was Whittier's Jordan — he loves to think of it in that sacred way. From mouth to source he knew it all and loved it all; and its waters rush or murmur or placidly reflect the sky in a score of his poems. No poet ever did more for Jordan, Tiber, Thames, or Rhine than Whittier for the Merrimac. Because he lived beside it, it has a brighter place in American song than any other American stream.

One of the first poems which Whittier ever wrote was upon "The Vale of the Merrimac." The most beautiful lines in the poem "Pentucket" are those which paint the Merrimac speeding along its bed by moonlight, a silent witness of the bloody tragedy upon its banks. The three poems, "Our River," "Revisited," and "The Laurels," are all full of the sentiment inspired by the river as seen from "The Laurels," the beautiful country seat upon its banks, where he loved to visit with his friends. Most important of these Merrimac poems is that which bears the title, "The Merrimac," in which the poet turns back from the Hudson, the Mohawk, the Potomac, and the Susquehanna, to the stream of his fathers, with new love—as he had turned his thoughts to it, in "Our River," from the Arno, Rhine, and Doon. The poem "June on the Merrimac," unrolls the panorama of homely human life among the villages and farms along the river's banks beneath the skies of June.

Haverhill, the poet's birthplace, and Amesbury, so long his home, both lie upon the Merrimac, the latter at the point where "the swift Powow" flows into the larger stream. The Powow also comes often into Whittier's verses—most beautifully in the little poem of "The Fountain." Haverhill always retained a warm place in the poet's heart.

"In sunny South and prairied West
Are exiled hearts remembering still,
As bees their hive, as birds their nest,
The homes of Haverhill."

"Hampton Beach," "The River Path," "Skipper Ireson's Ride, "The Swan Song of Parson Avery," "Abram Morrison," "The Countess," "The Garrison of Cape Ann," "The Double-Headed Snake of Newbury," "The Sycamores," "Cobbler Keezar's Vision," "The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall"—all these are Essex poems, most of them bursting somewhere into lines revealing the poet's feeling, so tenderly expressed in one of the sweet cantos of "The Bridal of Pennacook;"

"The hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young lips drank."

"Cobbler Keezar's Vision" is an Essex prophecy, like that of Samuel Sewall. "A Tough Old Teuton," he holds up his lapstone, in the poem, making a lens of it, through which he gazes a century and a half into the future of Essex and the Merrimac, and tells his neighbors what he sees. It is a picture of Whittier's own Essex which he sees:

"Still ran the stream to the river,
And river and ocean joined;
And there were the bluffs and the blue sea line,
And cold north hills behind.

But the mighty forest was broken
By many a steepled town,
By many a white-walled farmhouse,
And many a garner brown.

Turning a score of millwheels,
The stream no more ran free;
White sails on the winding river,
White sails on the far-off sea."

He sees, too, priest and Quaker living kindly together, no stocks, no gallows-tree; no worry over ranters, no witches to drown, young men and maidens as gay as at a fête at Bingen or at Frankfort fair, and he wonders whether the old folk would know their children. As the old cobbler used his mystic lapstone to look forward, Whittier is always holding up for us his mystic lens through which to let us look backward upon the New England past. He cannot look out upon his own surroundings or backward upon the past of his own New England save with the romantic eye. His effort is always to make his reader and his neighbor feel that romance is as truly here as in the lands of story. Whether it be past or present that he sings of, everywhere we find this imperious instinct to discount the centuries with their haze and ivy, and see the now and here as the most poetic eye has looked back to the most poetic then and there. He will make

"Free-limbed Dianas on the green,
Loch Katrine's Ellen, or Undine,"

of the girls who handle the oars for the excursion on the Artichoke.

"The forms of which the poets told,
The fair benignities of old,
Were doubtless such as you;
What more than Artichoke the rill
Of Helicon? Than Pipe-stave hill
Arcadia's mountain-view?

The beauty which old Greece or Rome
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home;
We need but eye and ear
In all our daily walks to trace
The outlines of incarnate grace,
The hymns of gods to hear!"

This disposition to idealize the landscape and the life which lay closest to him was more than a poetic feeling with Whittier—it was a religious feeling. All nature and all humanity were freighted for him with the divine message, and that part of nature and of humanity which was before his eyes spoke clearest and loudest. The beautiful expressions of feeling with which "The Tent on the Beach" concludes and with which "The Chapel of the Hermits" both begins and ends, are so familiar that it is only necessary here to mention them. It is the Palestinian phrase which Whittier—true son of the fathers of New England—chiefly uses, and which best fits his thought. He is not quite at home ever on Ida or by Helicon or with "the gods"; he is the most self-conscious and the poorest possible of pagans. He is a Hebrew, not a Greek,—this Puritan Quaker. It is Horeb and Galilee into which his religious imagination simply and naturally metamorphoses Powow Hill and Attitash.

Of all the poems of Whittier, the home-lover, there is none so beautiful, as there is none so considerable, save only "Snow-Bound," as "The Last Walk in Autumn." It is a piece of self-revelation as strong and noble as it is tender and affectionate. The poet here opens his heart to us, and shares with us the motives, the longings, the nourishments, and the loves of his life. The quick portraits of the friends who came to him in his quiet village home—Emerson, Taylor, Sumner—are drawn as finely as those others, of Taylor and Fields, in "The Tent on the Beach." The friends in the library, always with him, the priests, the poets, the sages, Bacon, Pascal, are remembered almost as lovingly. But the most beautiful verses are those which breathe his fondness for his native hills. He is not without dreams of Syrian sands and Alpine snows, of Venice, the Arno, and the Alhambra.

"But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be sweet,
Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my feet."

But it is not the New England hills alone which have his tribute in this beautiful poem, but the homes which nestle among them, the homes of freedom, of strenuous effort, of the homely virtues, of purity and love. These were what endeared his native soil to the heart of Whittier, and these are what he commemorates so often in his verse. The call of duty made him, almost his life long, the burning poet of reform and of affairs; but how much more dear to him

"Some song of private worth,
Some homely idyl of my native North,"

he has told us with deep feeling in the epilogue to "The Panorama," in "The Summons," and in other places. Even while the war raged, he chose to turn at times to such subjects as "Amy Wentworth" and "The Countess," justifying himself by appeal to precedent.

"As Nürnberg sang while Wittenberg defied,
And Kranach painted by his Luther's side,
And through the war-march of the Puritan
The silver stream of Marvell's music ran,
So let the household melodies be sung,
The pleasant pictures on the wall be hung."

When Whittier went away from his Essex home, it was usually to follow the Merrimac to its sources. The country about Winnipiseogee and Chocorua was especially dear to him, dearer than the bolder mountain scenery beyond, and there is a large group of poems which have served to stamp this as "Whittier-land," almost as truly as Essex itself. The story of "The Bridal of Pennacook" is told by the poet to his friends while for a time they make their home

"in that quiet inn
Which looks from Conway on the mountains piled
Heavily against the horizon of the North";

and the prologue is a record of their wanderings in that region and up the Pemigewasset. "The Lakeside," "The Grave by the Lake," and "Summer by the Lakeside" are all Winnipiseogee poems. "The Hilltop" of the poem bearing that name overlooks "mountain-girdled Squam." The "Mountain Pictures" are of Franconia from the Pemigewasset and Monadnock from Wachuset. The scene of "Mary Garvin" is in the valley of the Saco. The "Sunset on the Bearcamp" belongs of course to the Ossippee country. But by far the most beautiful of these New Hampshire poems is "Among the Hills." The scene of this tender and charming story is "beside the Bearcamp Water." Each verse of the poem is an exquisite picture, or a fine reading of the heart of man or woman; and the prelude is a pastoral full of striking, contrasted lessons. The poet pictures with sympathy and power the hard side of that New Hampshire country life:—

"How wearily the grind of toil goes on
Where love is wanting! how the eye and ear
And heart are starved amidst the plenitude
Of nature! and how hard and colorless
Is life without an atmosphere!"

He paints the shiftlessness, the ugliness, the rubbish,

"And in sad keeping with all things about them,
Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,
Untidy, loveless, old before their time,
With scarce a human interest save their own
Monotonous round of small economies,
Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood.
* * * * * * *
Church-goers, fearful of the unseen Powers,
But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent,
Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls
And winter pork with the least possible outlay
Of salt and sanctity."

Nowhere else does Whittier depict so strongly the opposite of those things which he loves to celebrate in the New England home. As against all this, he exclaims, in the spirit of Emerson in "Monadnock":

"Our yeoman should be equal to his home
Set in the fair green valleys, purple walled,
A man to match his mountains, not to creep
Dwarfed and abased below them."

How happy were it,

"If more and more we found the troth
Of fact and fancy plighted,
And culture's charm and labor's strength
In rural homes united!"

Such a home Whittier shows us in "Among the Hills."

If Whittier has thus connected himself in our thoughts with so much in the New England landscape, so has he connected himself with many chapters of old New England history. In "The Northmen" and "Norembega" he takes us back to the very twilight time. The poem "Lexington" is a noble tribute to the "embattled farmers" of 1775. But it is chiefly to the Colonial era that he turns, the time especially of the witchcraft horrors and the persecution of the Quakers, which so deeply affected the mind of Longfellow also and furnish the subjects of his "New England Tragedies." To these two episodes Whittier devotes so many poems that they contribute a notable department of his work. "Mabel Martin" and "The Witch of Wenham" are graphic pictures of the time when the most tragical of New England superstitions swept over Essex.

"Cassandra Southwick," "The Exiles," and the "King's Missive" fulfill the same office with reference to the persecution of the Quakers. The vision of the days to come, when Boston should be "Christian liberty's chosen home," to which the old Upsall gives voice from the door of his Red Lion Inn, in the latter poem, is one of the noblest passages in Whittier. Not many of Whittier's poems directly touch Boston itself. "The Emancipation Group" was a dedication of our statue of Lincoln and the slave. "Calef in Boston" preserves the tradition of a memorable plea for toleration and freedom in the early days of Boston—Robert Calef being a sturdy merchant who dared denounce the credulity and bigotry of Cotton Mather. "In the Old South" is another of the Quaker poems, telling the story of the half-crazed, half-naked girl who came and stood in the Old South Church, crying "Repent!" and pleading for equality, and was whipped through the streets of the town.

"The Quaker of the Olden Time," "The Meeting," and the "First-day Thoughts," are all beautiful expressions of the poet's own love for the Quaker tradition and the Quaker ways. "The Quaker Alumni," read at the anniversary of the Friends' School at Providence in 1860, is a fine vindication of early Quakerism, and "A Spiritual Manifestation," read at Brown University in 1870, is a tribute to Roger Williams for the noble spirit of toleration shown by him both toward the Quakers and more troublesome people in the first Rhode Island days.

Into what I have called Whittier's poems of New England landscape, as into the poems of New England history, there constantly come tender and beautiful bits of homely human life. "Among the Hills," furnishes a good illustration of this. But there is, besides, a whole great group of poems relating directly and entirely to the life, the surroundings and sentiments and character of the people—the New England country people, the village folk. and the men and women and children of the farm, "Snow-Bound," of course, is the pre-eminent example—dear to the New England heart, as the "Deserted Village" and the "Cotter's Saturday Night" to the hearts of all men. "Maud Müller," "The Yankee Girl," "The Pumpkin," "April," "My Playmate," "The Mayflowers," "Telling the Bees," "For an Autumn Festival," "The Old Burying-Ground"—these belong to this homely and charming class of poems. Many—"The Barefoot Boy" is the masterpiece in this kind—are poems of boyhood; and through many there runs a delicate, often pathetic, thread of reminiscence. "In School Days," and "To my Old Schoolmaster" contain lifelike pictures of the old New England district school. The stirring "Songs of Labor"—"The Ship Builders," "The Shoemakers," "The Drovers," "The Fishermen," "The Huskers," "The Corn Song," "The Lumbermen"—all are songs of New England labor and laborers.

Notable revelations of the heart of Whittier are the poems addressed by him to great New England men, his friends. Many of these are devoted to his anti-slavery friends—the lines to Garrison, to Channing, to Rantoul, to Sumner, to the Sewalls, to Lydia

Maria Child. The poem on William Francis Bartlett is a beautiful tribute to that youthful hero. The lines addressed to Bayard Taylor and to James T. Fields bring to remembrance the bright portraits of those two dear friends of the poet, in "The Tent on the Beach." "Among the Hills" is gracefully dedicated to Mrs. Fields. "The Prayer of Agassiz" preserves the memory of the reverent opening of the famous school of Penikese. "Ichabod," the bitter word with which the poet denounced and mourned for Webster after his terrible mistake in 1850, is a poem equaled in severity only by Browning's "The Lost Leader." In truth, the poet himself came to feel, as passion subsided, that it was too severe; and "The Lost Occasion" is in a measure an atonement for it. Whittier's last poem, I think, was his beautiful tribute to Dr. Holmes. The verses to "Bryant on His Birthday" close with lines which would equally, in that war time, have fitted Whittier himself:

"Thank God! his hand on Nature's keys
Its cunning keeps at life's full span;
But dimmed and dwarfed, in times like these,
The poet seems beside the man!"

The New England landscape, New England history, New England life, New England men—and finally, we have everywhere in Whittier the appeal to the New England spirit. He loves to think of the virtues that thrive on the rugged soil, and of the schoolhouse on the hill.

"The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

"For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws
And clearer light the good old cause!"

He is ever turning to point his admonitions and warnings to the old New England time, to the Pilgrim and the Puritan.

When there was need of it, as in "The Pastoral Letter," he would turn to the shameful pages of New England's history, the days when pillory and whip coerced opinion, for parallels wherewith to rebuke the bigotry and inhumanity of his own time.

A pall falls upon the very New England landscape, to his eyes, when a deed of shame is done in the land; as in "The Rendition."

The appeal is often to the spirit of the Revolution, as well as to the Puritan time. The poem "To Faneuil Hall" is such an appeal. In "Pine Tree" come the lines:

"O my God—for that free spirit, which of old in Boston town
Smote the Province House with terror, struck the crest of Andros down!—
For another strong-voiced Adams in the city's streets to cry:
'Up for God and Massachusetts!—Set your feet on mammon's lie!
Perish banks and perish traffic—spin your cotton's latest pound—
But in Heaven's name heep your honor—keep the heart 'o the Bay State sound!'"

In the burning poem, "Massachusetts to Virginia," he sweeps through every Massachusetts county from Hampshire to Barnstable, making all stand up like armed men, to denounce the slave laws; and he makes all New England rise with promises of blessing upon Delaware if she acts bravely on the bill for the abolition of slavery, in 1847:

"Vermont shall bless thee; and the granite peaks,
And vast Katahdin o'er his woods shall wear
Their snow-crowns brighter in the cold, keen air;
And Massachusetts, with her rugged cheeks
Overrun with grateful tears, shall turn to thee,
When at thy bidding, the electric wire
Shall tremble northward with its words of fire;
Glory and praise to God! another State is free!"

Our saintly and heroic poet's benediction rests on our New England hills, it rests upon our history, upon our homes: upon our hearts. It is a great legacy; it is a solemn call.

—*Edwin D. Mead, in the Boston Transcript.*

Discernment.

How little difference does it make
To truth-wed man
What is his cross and outward habitation!
That soul which knows the worth of soul,
And can all signs and prophesies discern,
Is still at peace though threadbare be
The garment worn, and one small attic
Frames his all of home. LINCOLN E. BROWN.

Sermons Without Words.

Francis of Assisi one day stepped down into the cloisters of his monastery and said to a young monk: "Brother, let us go down into the town today and preach."

So they went forth, the venerable father and the young man conversing as they went. Along the principal streets, around the lowly alleys, to the outskirts of the town, and to the village beyond they wound their way, returning at length to the monastery gate.

Then spoke the young monk: "Father, when shall we begin to preach?" "My child,' said Francis, looking down kindly upon the young man, "we have been preaching as we walked, and those who have seen and heard us are the people we have met."—*Selected.*

The Jews of England and of the whole world have good reason to join in the million-voiced prayers ascending to God's throne of grace in behalf of the lady that has worn, for threescore years, with unexcelled dignity, the crown of the mighty empire of which London is the capital. Of all the countries on the face of the globe, none is freer from the pestilence of anti-Semitism than is Great Britain and her colonies. The silent but potent influence of Queen Victoria has had as much to do with this as the sturdy good sense and the love of fair play which characterize her subjects. What a lesson for our anti-Semites to ponder over: A Jew it was who as Lord Mayor of London, in the gorgeous vestments of an earl of the realm, welcomed his Queen on her triumphal passage through the city! What changes this one incident of the jubilee pageant suggests as having been wrought during the eventful decades of the Victorian reign! Indeed, throughout the world the synagogues should resound with the prayer, "God save the Queen."—*The Reform Advocate.*

Calling on an insurance man the other day with reference to getting a policy for her house, a Maine woman said to the agent: "Ye see, square, we have n't had it insured for some time, we've been kinder trusting in the Lord for better 'n seven year; but to my mind, in these days, it 's ter-ble risky."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid.

Browning's Contribution to Literature.

Every author has his day. I mean that there comes a time in the history of every man, a particular psychological moment, when the social mind is qualified to receive him. His reception may be immediate or long-deferred. Sometimes the world is ready through previous experience. Not seldom the author has to form his own audience and shape the world-mind in harmony with himself. A great and original author grows in popularity by the taste of himself. This is as Wordsworth said: "Every author, as far as he is great and at the same time original, has had the task of creating the taste by which he is to be enjoyed." But, whether near or far, the author's day arrives.

Thus Dante belonged to the middle age. He was the voice of ten voiceless centuries. The Florentines heard him with understanding. But his psychological moment has passed. The point of view of dualism and other worldliness can never be recovered. So Tennyson wrote for a certain time. Predecessors in song had gone before and made the way straight. He became an immediate possession of the century. The poet and the time coincided. But he, too, will pass. Emerson's influence is waning. He taught us to speak his high and transcendental language. His idioms and maxims are common property, current sayings in sermons and books. Now the world-mind waits to receive the word of higher authority. The generation to whom Browning was unintelligible is just going. The obscurity of his poems has suddenly vanished — not because the poems have been revised, but because readers have been re-made and have advanced to the psychological state in which the poems were composed. Browning's psychological moment is dawning. That his time is not high noon is evidenced by the fact that certain poems to which the world-mind has not progressed remain obscure. I doubt if "Sordello" and "Fifine at the Fair" are within the ken of any living critic. Yet the day will come when the most complex works of the "metaphysic poet" will be child's play—children will learn to speak Sordello-like in the nursery. Our present nursery tales are but the Sordello poems of an earlier generation.

I do not see that it makes much difference whether a poet writes for his own age or for subsequent times. He will have his meed, early or late, of growing fame, even though he may lack contemporary bread. Nor need any age lament at its own incapacity to enjoy the writings of any author. It has a mind of its own, and by laws of its own finds the sustenance that serves its wants. Why should Browning quarrel with the public, who liked him not, for their neglect? We may be killing the living prophets, but we are feeding a host of dead ones the previous generation starved. There are compensations in these matters. My thesis is that every man must hold to his psychological and social moment.

I think it is cause for congratulation that it is given this generation to receive a poet so virile as Browning. Perhaps it is fair for Browning to be thankful that a generation so vital as this is advancing to meet him.

I propose to make some estimate of the service Browning is rendering the poetic world, to consider some of the most obvious contributions he has made to literature. Did his living enlarge the scope of poetry? Did his passing increase the number of poets who "rule us from their urns"? Has he contributed anything new and original that, without him, would not be? The answer is not far to seek. Surely, Browning is nothing if not original. He was the product of no school. He was too original to found a school. He stands to us as a unique figure among the century's great men. I think we shall find that he gave to poetry three things: A new personality; a new method; a new philosophy.

There is not just such another personality in literature. Great art not infrequently is impersonal. So concealed is Shakespeare behind his dramatic work that we know little or nothing of the man. It may turn out that Bacon or Sidney wrote the plays—that will not matter. The plays are without authorship—all men's product. Browning is both concealed and unconcealed. He employs the dramatic method and creates objective figures, but nevertheless we are always conscious of a strong, vital, energizing personality giving character and motive to each and every speaker. And, what is more, the same indescribable, magical, personal influence acts upon the reader, and exalts, purifies, and liberates the soul. I think there are few books so personal and close, so human in touch and responsive in feeling. Other books contain a doctrine, a mentality only, or an illustration, things, or objects; but Browning, while he contains these, touches us more closely: he contributes something out of his own abounding personality, something that stimulates and vivifies. The striking feature of his own nature is its vigor—a vigor of body and mind that gives to his work the note of strenuousness—a vigor of soul that makes him an unconquerable optimist. Strenuousness, the outcome of physical and mental vigor, and optimism, the result of a penetrative insight, are the two most marked characteristics of his personality. Physical and spiritual courage enabled him to describe himself truthfully as "one who never turned his back, but marched breast forward; never doubted clouds would break; never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph, held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake." This might and courage are infused into the reader; he becomes eager to assume an armor, seize a weapon, and strike out for some cause with the strength of a newly liberated soul.

What other English author gives you this power? The only other Englishman comparable in might is Carlyle. Carlyle has vigor, intensity, the might of a Titan. But to what end is his strength expended? Is it not strength beating itself out against prison bars, rather than strength freely winging its way to new heights? Carlyle lacked the far-seeing spirit. He knew no unity in the chaos, no clue through the vast revel of the cosmic atoms. He was short-sighted, hemmed in, fought in desperation his friend and foe alike. Consequently, Carlyle discourages, not empowers. He never sets his

reader on a hill or starts him on an endless journey. For the guide himself sees no goal to be won, not even the path for the feet.

Browning contributes power, he opens up vistas, he explains destiny, imparts hope, reveals the goal. It is his optimism that gives carrying power to his personal vigor. His book regenerates through the fullness and force of an embodied personality.

That is one great achievement—the personalization of poetry. Browning introduced the modern and democratic mode.

As a second contribution, Browning advances a new method. This method has three unique features—the form of the dramatic monologue, the method of idealism, the principle of correspondency.

The dramatic monologue is Browning's peculiar invention. It is a form adapted to a rapid, subtle, imaginative mind. By means of it the poet is enabled to forego the mechanics of the formal play, its simulated scene, its masks, its heralds, announcements, exits and entrances, its divisions into scenes and acts. He takes for a stage the soul itself, and depends upon the play of imagination for the interpretation of character and plan of action.

Browning's monologues differ from the ordinary theatrical play, in that the performance is transferred from an objective stage to the reader's mind—the reader supplies the footlights, shifts the scenes, gives the cues, and performs the action. They differ from the soliloquy, in that the soliloquy is a solitary affair, while the monologue involves a number of actors and implies a dramatic scene and situation. Browning's monologues differ from the monologue of other poets, such as Tennyson's "St. Simeon Stylites," Lowell's "Columbus," and "Prometheus," in respect of complexity. "St. Simeon" and "Columbus" recite their woes and ambitions with singleness of purpose. Browning's monologists add an environment, a scenic background, outline against it their own plot and character, and suggest the composition of still other personages caught in the situation.

For illustration, "My Last Duchess" may be referred to. The speaker is the Duke. In his conversation with the envoy, the reader is informed of four other persons who play a part in the tragedy that has been or in the one to come: the last Duchess, the Duchess-elect, the Count, and envoy. He learns, also, of subordinate persons, as Fra Pandolph, and the "officious fool" in the orchard. With inimitable skill and grace the Duke, in his own words, indirectly portrays his own character—the hard, cruel, jealous, selfish, proud self—and also that of the delicate, sensitive, loving Duchess. These are set in their environment of an effete city, Farrara, and of an old family palace ornamented with works of art. We behold the company below in the drawing-room, and the Duke and envoy walking and conversing in the gallery above; they stop, seat themselves before the pictures, rise, descend the stairway, completing meanwhile the conditions of the proposed marriage. Each figure is as finely drawn as if directly described, and the environment lacks no necessary detail to make it vivid in imagination. The tragedy stands complete in the mind of the reader.

The method may further be described as idealistic. By this, I mean that the unity of any poem is not external, but inner; not logical, but synthetic. Browning's poems are not constructed like a pair of stairs, as if each stanza was a single step to carry the reader upward to the conclusion. There is never any such ascent. The poem has neither beginning nor end—neither begins with the first line nor ends with the last line. When the Duke says: "That's my last Duchess, painted on the wall," a tragedy has already taken place; when he concludes: "I repeat, the Count, your master's known munificence is ample warrant that no just pretense of mine for dowry will be disallowed; though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed at starting, is my object,"—another tragedy is yet to be. The poem is not upon the page at all; it is in the mind of the reader. The unity is given by meaning. Browning's poems float in a sea of ideas as a mass of seaweed in the wave. No single strand unites the mass of floating weeds—that which unites is the sea. His poems are fixed in idea, as the stars at night in the sky. No ray of light connects the multitudinous separate points—that which unites is the sky. Now, Browning is an absolute realist. He employs the facts of life, repeats the experiences that are as old as the world. There is no limit to the things and persons that have for him significance. Multiple as are his objects and characters, are they then disjointed? Can he arrive at unity simply by enumeration? The answer is, that while he is a realist he is also an absolute idealist, and all the facts and experiences are gathered up into a single unifying principle—an essence universal as the sea and the sky, the principle of Love, the one solvent of all experience, the sea in which life floats, the sky in which lives stand.

Compare, for illustration, Tennyson's "Edward Gray" and Browning's "A Woman's Last Word." In the one, the story is told step by step; in the other, no story is told at all, and the poem may be read backward with no loss of effect. The unity of one poem is given by the poet; the unity of the second is given by the reader. In the first poem a single reading suffices to give the situation. In Browning's poem a first reading is necessary to give the image of the situation, then other readings are necessary to understand the relation of the parts. The unity of the one is logical; of the other, is ideal.

It is ideal, not logical, unity, it should be remarked in passing, that characterizes Emerson's essays. His sentences and paragraphs have only the philosophic relation. They are obscure and meaningless to the analyst and materialist, but they reveal their theme to those who are accustomed to the method of the Over Soul and the Over Thought. By the employment of the ideal method Browning discloses his kinship with the seers and mystics.

The third characteristic of his method is the correspondence existing between form and content. There are two classes of poets, the traditional and the original. The first class aims to give a perfect objective form to any given content, the form being that which has received the sanction of tradition. The poet of the second class permits the thought to shape itself, striving only for self-expression or revelation. In a passage in "Aurora Leigh" Mrs. Browning asks, "What form is best for poems?" Her answer is given in terms of the untraditional class:

> "Let me think
> Of forms less, and the external. Trust the spirit,
> As souvran nature does, to make the form;

For otherwise we only imprison spirit
And not embody. Inward evermore
To outward—so in life, and so in art,
Which still is life.

Five acts to make a play?
And why not fifteen? Why not ten? or seven?
What matter for the number of the leaves,
Supposing the tree lives and grows? Exact
The literal unities of time and place,
When 't is the essence of passion to ignore
Both time and place? Absurd. Keep up the fire
And leave the generous flames to shape themselves."

This exactly presents Browning's usage. He carries forward the tradition of romantic art,—the tradition that art is to go free, and to have no tradition. Instead of having a few standard forms or molds of expression, Browning has a multitude,—as many forms as characters and poems. The intimacy between the inner and the outer is perhaps the closest in literary history. His style is always dramatic. His double and grotesque rhymes, an offense to classical convention, are parts of a dramatic rhetoric that is everywhere and minutely employed. The Canon of Correspondency, or the Canon of the Characteristic, may be thus stated: Beauty comes into being when a *significant* content is *duly* expressed. Are such poems as "Caliban," "The Grammarian's Funeral," "Soliloquy in the Spanish Cloister," then, beautiful? Yes, the term must be extended to include such poems. The one critical question we have a right to ask is concerning the adequacy of the expression. Has the poem character? Does it say what it means? Does it act genuinely out of its own substance? Does the outer correspond to the inner? Any genuine criticism of Browning starts thus from the inside. It requires a preparation both deep and wide,—deep in personality, wide in knowledge. The critic must become the poet. When that transformation has been wrought, the critic ceases to pronounce judgments. He becomes a part of the process, and learns to watch with the poet's eye the growing of form out of thought, the growth that is vital and inevitable, a result that is without error. The canon of correspondency is nature's own canon. Would you criticise the oak tree that it does not bear a palm branch?

But Browning is not primarily an artist, but a thinker. His art, that is, is publication—it is the expression of a message. Has Browning contributed an original philosophy? To the world of philosophic thought I should say his contribution was slight, but to the world of literature his contribution is large. I mean that other thinkers have reached equal conclusions, and advanced beyond. But no English poet has embodied in his poetry a philosophical system to the extent of Browning's inclosure. Browning has made philosophy poetic. He has draped abstractions with sights and sounds, exhibiting idea in appropriate symbols. Through the symbols we reach back to the idea, and discover a complete systematic philosophy. The concrete symbols relate to only three themes, the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, which in the last synthesis become resolved in the one supreme conception of the Absolute Love. All the incidents and persons are absorbed in the idea. The objects are multiple, but the idea is one. What has been accomplished is the illustration of a transcendental philosophy. Browning has done for idealism what Dante did for medieval theology—made it visible. We perceive in his poems philosophy in masks. Philosophy loves and hates, hopes and fears, strives, fails, succeeds. We perceive men in many guises and in many circumstances, governed by Reason. We contemplate thought thinking itself, then by a strange indirection we become the thinker, and construct a philosophy: God in the absolute is the ultimate essence, with attributes of Power and Love. The particular and temporal modes of Power's and Love's manifestation are Truth, Beauty, and Love, with their opposites, Falsehood, Ugliness, and Hate. The triad of positive and continuing factors, while existing in correlation (since their ground is the one Unity), have different means of expression in Time, and require for perception in the human the development of special faculties. Truth abides in the objective realm, where God's Power operates, and is the concern of the Intellect. Beauty and Love reside in the subjective, where God's Love is made manifest, and are the motives, respectively, of Feeling and the Moral Will. Truth is abstract, and is gained by observational and ratiocinative process, having its ground in the object world. Beauty and Love are concrete, and rest in immediate perception, since they begin and end in human consciousness. The scientist approaches God by unending steps of hypothesis and proof; the Artist and Lover know Him face to face. Art and Religion, in their turn, while agreeing in their intuitional and concrete methods, are differentiated by the medium in which each has its operation. Love is purely spiritual, having its source in God; art is publication, and in order to affect the sensibilities of men, employs material media,—stone, color, sound, or language. For the exhibition and dispersion of this metaphysics, Browning's poems may be said to exist.

The forms of this philosophy, as I have said, are not original with Browning. The Germans had preceded him in constructive work. In one thing, however, Browning, as becomes a poet, stands alone,—namely, in the emphasis placed upon Love. Other philosophers had chosen for their absolute principle Idea, as with Hegel, or Will, as with Schopenhauer. The poet saw that the solvent of all phenomena, natural and spiritual, was Love. To know Love is to know God. And Browning has lovers of many kinds—the Grammarian, who loved knowledge and devoted his life with enthusiasm to the docrine of *de* and *oun;* Fra Lippo Lippi, who loved his Florence and its environment of mountain and wood; Aprille, who loved Beauty, whose aspiration it was to carve in stone the forms of things, and for his shapes to paint a world, and into his world to infuse, through song, all passions and soft emotions, and consummating all to supply all chasms with music; then above all the lovers of Love, Rudel, Norbert, Pompilia, who, though suffering deprivation and pain, found light enough in the eyes of the loved one to rise to heaven.

Love is aspiration, the want and passion of the soul, the Platonic madness. It is the pursuit of something, the eager quest of an ideal.

Metaphysical as this conception is, Browning does not lose himself in the abstraction, but faces fairly and courageously the actual incidents of nature and man. Nature exhibits power and intelligence, but it seems to be in moral strife, indifferent to weal or woe; but penetrate deeply enough, and God ap-

pears in the stock and the stone, in the plant and the bird, an evolutionary force tending to the Good. In the world of men wrong is often on the throne, and evil seems often to endure beyond the good; but look deeply enough, and the wrong is righted and evil is seen to serve.

Beyond all others, Browning is the poet of love in its human aspect. You will not find anywhere, except in modern fiction, a treatment of the relations between the sexes so honest and truthful. Other poets have shunned this field, except to write sonnets to their mistresses' eyebrows. Were it not for the novel, the Italian opera, and Browning, we should hardly be aware of the presence of two sexes in the world of artistic folk. If a New Zealander were to visit America with Emerson as a guide-book, what illumination would he receive concerning the most common facts that would meet his observation. Emerson suspected the sexes. He was silent about them, because his philosophy of idea did not contain them. But what a multitude of men and women throng Browning's pages—men and women, loving, hating, united, estranged, in every degree of relationship. A poet who starts right is apt to conclude right. He wins our allegiance by his truthfulness in treating the world's most primitive theme.

From this philosophy seen in essence in the life of men and women, the larger theory of the universe proceeds. The universe is love coming into manifestation. The world is a becoming. The mode is evolutionary, an unending process. Love was at its beginning, accompanying the "first huge Nothing." Slowly the plan of the earth unrolled—a plan involving love as its motive and end. Man appears endowed with unsatisfied yearnings. With man began a tendency to God. In the order of process a Christ appeared, a god-man, the all-loving, fulfilling the prophecy of the universe, outlining what was to be. In the fullness of time men shall be as gods. Love shall reign from star to star.

Concerning the evolutionary process Browning advances the following propositions: Evolution is an order imposed on every object in virtue of its being. There is no escape. If the object lags at one point, it is hastened at another. All things are thrust out into the cosmic stream. The soul of things moves as the planets in their orbit, hasting, unresting. Redemption is wrought into the very constitution of things. The Christs do not save—the universe saves.

The sign of evolution is aspiration. Growth is a coming into being. The whole universe groans in its travail, yearning for accession of life. It reaches out its hands after God. It is not what man does, but what he would do, that exalts him. There is no good fixed and absolute, the attainment of which marks one's salvation. The good is the desire for the good. Salvation is a process. Attainment is a tendency. Paracelsus reached the point of death, with body marred and soul a wreckage, but he pressed God's lamp to his breast. He saw the truth, and the seeing gave him means for a never-ending progress. What he achieved was not a fixed salvation, but a tendency. All good is relative.

The accompaniment of evolution is struggle. Materials offer obstruction to spiritual possession. The artist finds his media intractable. He cannot mold the clay as he would; he shapes, reshapes, adds, substracts the stubborn materials, only to make a shape all unlike his desire. So life presents unscaled walls. Our purposes are balked. Nevertheless, there can be no peace. Browning sounds the call to battle. He does not avoid the evil, waiting for Nirvana, an ending in dream. Rather, he welcomes the strife, grapples with the evil, endures the pain and defeat. That is the way of the world, not to be resisted.

Evolution is eternal. As love was at the beginning, so love continues in the process. There is no stoppage; there can be no stoppage. Love is exhaustless. Immortality is not a dogma—it is an experience. It is the consciousness of growth in love.

To this conclusion the poet arrives. On this height, facing the sun, the poet leaves us. He has imparted a forceful and original personality. He has contributed an original method. He has embodied, for the first time in poetry, a philosophy that has Love for its universal principle, and evolution for its universal method.

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

I Saved My Life.

I kept my money to insure me ease;
I saved my strength for length of days;
I shunned the sad
To keep me glad,
And won some heartless praise.

My brother perished for my surplus bread;
My feeble sister fainted by the way;
As proud I strode
Along the road
"I 'm safe," I used to say.

Money has not secured me ease;
There is no joy in length of days.
Would I had fed,
Would I had led
The weak in their hard ways!

—*Maria A. Marshall, in the Independent.*

Orange, N. J.

Florence Nightingale, who has just celebrated her seventy-seventh birthday, is ill and not expected to recover. She has long been an invalid. She will leave a magnificent memorial of her achievements as a pioneer in the work of nursing the sick and wounded on an organized plan, in the shape of a nurses' home, to which she devoted the $400,000 subscribed by the English people as a national testimonial of gratitude to her at the close of the Crimean war, the horrors of which she did so much to alleviate. Miss Nightingale has always been a consistent advocate of equal rights for women. Years ago, when asked to contribute a paragraph to an equal suffrage pamphlet, she wrote: "You ask my reasons for believing in woman's suffrage. It seems to me almost self-evident, an axiom, that every householder and tax-payer ought to have a vote in the expenditure of the money we pay, including, as this does, interests the most vital to a human being."—*Exchange.*

It is not unmanly to be religious. True manhood is always religious. For religion cultivates the sturdy elements of character, prepares a man for the efforts of everyday life, and gives him insight into his present relations to the spiritual world.—*Bishop Vincent.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The soul grows as it aspires.
MON.—Man becomes what he worships.
TUES.—Desire makes opportunity.
WED.—Thought makes character.
THURS.—Exercise increases power.
FRI.—Choose your desires well. Select the intellectual and spiritual rather than the material.
SAT.—Choose according to permanency, and your wealth will increase. Destiny is fixed by character.

ANNIE BESANT.

A Charm.

Every gentle deed you do,
One bright spirit brings to you—
One more angel watch to keep
By your pillow while you sleep;
Softer makes the wind's weird song
Through the pine trees all night long;
Clearer makes the white stars gleam
While you dream,
While you dream.

Every gentle word you say,
One dark spirit drives away;
Makes the clover in the grass
Whisper greetings as you pass;
Swifter makes the cloud-ships fly,
In their course across the sky;
Daintier makes each frosty flake
When you awake,
When you awake.

Exchange.

On the Ocean.

Very many years ago we made a voyage across the big, uneasy Atlantic ocean on a trim, smart ship. It was a vessel that carried passengers, besides its freight cargo, and was as neat and comfortable as any steamship could be.

The captain was a slight, small, quiet man. One ungrateful woman, whose stateroom was close and stuffy, complained of it. The little captain at once gallantly tendered her his stateroom on deck, and had his effects transferred to the chartroom near by. Then did this ungrateful woman declare that nothing would make her change quarters after being once settled. That "a deck stateroom is always cold and uncomfortable." The little captain only sighed and looked puzzled. Somehow though, when the ungrateful woman was ready to retire, and found that all her goods had been carried to the cosy cabin on deck, a dawning respect for the commander came over her. He never looked quite so small again. All through the dark, still night, she kept hearing the quick, clear orders from the officer on the bridge. In the morning the captain came along with his collie dog bounding beside him. A vessel was to be signaled, and this pet and hero of the ship well understood his share of the proceedings. When the order was given and a signal-flag was run up on the staff, this intelligent creature would bark furiously, then bound upon the bridge and pace up and down with stately strides, like the officer on duty. Then when the passing vessel was a distant misty object, the bright creature would come around the passengers and ask for caresses, as if to say: "Have n't I done well?"

An odd shambling figure of a clumsy old seaman lumbered along the deck. Instantly the collie deserted the prettiest girl in the party to follow, fawn over, and caress the big rough hand that hung at the sailor's side. The queer old being touched his hat, and blundered along, while we sent after him a fusilade of sharp, smart speeches and satirical laughter. Before we had exhausted our fun at the clown's expense, the captain spoke in that quiet, determined tone we were learning to respect, "very funny do doubt, but he is one of my best and most trustworthy seaman. A man who always does his duty and never forgets a kindness."

The captain bowed and passed on. The shambling figure had reached its post, with the collie contentedly posed at his feet, gazing lovingly into the wrinkled, weather-beaten face. Our laughter and sneers died away. No one had a word to say. We were too busy, looking inward.

That night our quiet little captain had a storm to face. The sort of north Atlantic storm that makes leathery-faced seamen go on duty with less color in their cheeks, deeper lights in their eyes and prayers for their loved ones in their warm, tried hearts. Throughout that wild, dreary gale there came to the ears of the most ungrateful woman on the ship the clear voice of the clumsy seaman, ringing the "all 's well" of the night watch, while the voice of the captain shouting his orders from the bridge seemed to say, "Who is always faithful to his duty, and never forgets a kindness."

We did not try to snub our little captain after that night. We found he was the sort who could not be snubbed or humbled. Still, when we left his ship, he was downcast, meek-looking—almost shamefaced—because we told him how grateful we were for his gentleness and bravery in bringing us safely through the storm.—*Elvira Floyd Froemcke, in the Delaware Watchman.*

Military Toys.

The toys of children have a great influence in molding their future lives. Napoleon's chief pastime when a boy was to form his young companions into companies of soldiers. Had his mind at that time been bent in some other direction, perhaps this great man might have been a blessing to the world rather than the greatest butcher the sun ever shone upon. Parents who wish their children to be friends of peace and good will should not supply them with military playthings with which the toy-shops of Christendom now teem.—*Alice May Douglas in Union Signal.*

To clean or remove stains from marble statuary, try first a little diluted muriatic acid or some warm vinegar on a little soap; if these will not succeed, take two parts of soda, one of pumice-stone, and one of finely powdered chalk. Sift through a sieve, mix into a paste with water, and rub it well into the marble. Let it lie there thickly for forty-eight hours, then wash off with soap and water.—*Art Amateur.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion"

ANOTHER STEP TOWARDS UNITY.—WASHINGTON, D. C.—As I have for some time been a subscriber and reader of THE NEW UNITY, and have many times been interested in the accounts of what the liberal people in various parts of the country have been doing, I thought it might be of interest to some of your readers to know of an important step recently taken by the liberal young people of Washington in forming a federation of the Young People's Unions of the several liberal churches of this city, and I take pleasure in sending you this brief statement of facts in relation to the matter for such mention in the columns of your paper as you may see fit.

The Young People's Religious Union of All Souls Unitarian Church of this city some weeks ago decided to send a delegate to the union meeting of the Unitarian and Universalist Young People's Unions which was recently held in Boston, and upon the return of their delegate, Miss Catharine L. Edwards, the president of the society, she was so filled with enthusiasm and a desire to carry out some of the suggestions of the Boston meeting that she conceived the idea of organizing the various liberal young people's unions of this city into a federation, and immediately set to work to accomplish that end by sending an invitation to the several liberal unions to meet with her society for the purpose of considering the advisability of uniting into a federation, in order that they might work together for a common purpose and for their mutual benefit.

In response to this invitation a mass-meeting was held in the chapel of All Souls Church on Sunday evening, June 6th, at which there were present some two hundred and fifty persons, representing the Unitarian Young People's Religious Union, the Universalist Young People's Christian Union, the People's Church Young People's Union, and the Friends' Young People's Union. This meeting was full of enthusiasm, and addresses were made by Rev. E. Bradford Leavitt of All Souls' Unitarian Church, Rev. Alexander Kent of the People's Church, Prof. T. W. Sidwell, representing the Friends, and Miss Ida H. Curry, President of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church. It was agreed at this meeting that delegates should be selected by the several unions for the purpose of further considering the question of organization and completing the federation. Pursuant to said agreement, delegates were duly elected by the societies named above, and a meeting was held on June 14th.

It was decided by the delegates that the association of unions should be known as "The Federation of Young People's Societies of the Liberal Churches of Washington," and arrangements were made to hold regular quarterly meetings. The Bond of Union adopted is as follows:

Realizing that the Young People's Unions of the several liberal churches in Washington, having common desires and purposes, could, by uniting in a federation which will bring them together at stated times, be both able to give and to receive help in the prosecution of the work of the several unions and also to plan and execute work which no single union is able alone to accomplish, we do hereby agree to form such federation, and adopt the following Bond of Union, with the understanding, however, that such federation shall in no way interfere with the individual work of the several unions:

In the love of truth we unite for the worship of God and the service of man; and as His followers, we accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man. (This Bond of Union is the same as that adopted at the recent union meeting in Boston.)

Trusting you may consider this of sufficient importance to make mention of it in THE NEW UNITY, and that the action of the young people here may be followed by those in other localities, and that we may eventually have a national union of the liberal young people, I remain, Sincerely yours,

GEO. J. HESSELMAN.

SPRING VALLEY, MINN.—The People's church, at this place, of which Rev. P. M. Harmon is pastor, is one of the spontaneous movements which is called into being, because something of the kind is imperatively needed in the community. It was organized by the business-men of the town when the accomplished pastor left the Congregationalist church for more room. The opera-house of the town was leased, since which time there has been an average congregation of four hundred. The society has a membership of 250, a Sunday school of 175, Young People's Society of 110, a cottage club of seventy-five. The work includes kindergarten, reading-room, study clubs, science classes, free library, and they are planning to add bath-rooms and gymnasiums. If any one imagines that these activities lessen the potency of the preached word, or detract from the spirituality and prophetic power of the preacher, there is no reply but an appeal to facts. People do not introduce these gospel potencies without a gospel in their hearts. Neither can they put religion to work, set it to house-keeping, so to speak, without religion. If applying religion is abandoning religion, then Jesus was the most irreligious man of his time.

FROM RECENT CONTRIBUTORS TO THE TREASURY OF THE LIBERAL CONGRESS.

Elizabeth Smith Miller, Geneva, N.Y.: "Inclosed find check for $10 towards defraying the expenses of the Liberal Congress of Religion. Your encouraging words in regard to the good work are very cheering."

J. W. Plummer, Glencoe, Ill.: "I renew my subscription and add an extra $5 for the Nashville meeting needs. It will be a pleasure for me to go to Nashville if circumstances will admit of the trip."

Mary Newbury Adams, Dubuque, Iowa: "Inclosed is my yearly payment to the Liberal Congress of Religion. I hope to be in Nashville."

J. D. Ludden, St. Paul, Minn.: "Inclosed check for annual membership. I cannot go to Nashville, but I will wish and wait a great success for our good cause."

T. M. Hunter, Versailles, Mo.: "Inclosed postal order for renewal of my annual membership. I desire the entire amount to go to the Congress fund. I am not a "Rev.," only an ordinary non-professional individual interested in the emancipation of the individual from harsh judgment and cruel dogmas."

Books Received.

PRACTICAL VEGETARIAN COOKERY.—Edited by the Countess Wachmeister and Kate Buffington Davis. Mercury Publishing Co. San Francisco. Price, $1.00. Post-paid.

BOOK AND HEART.—By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Harper & Brothers. New York.

The New Unity Fresh Air Fund.

Amount previously acknowledged	$42.00
J. W. Ellsworth, Chicago	12.00
North Side Ethical Sunday School Chicago (through Juniata Stafford,	2.00
Mrs. Marie Harrold Garrison, Chicago	2.00
Mrs. H. S. Weiser, Decorah, Ia	6.00
C. J. Weiser, Decorah, Ia	6.00
Miss Walker's Sunday School Class, All Souls Church, Chicago	1.00
Total	$71.00

Old and New.

The Bankruptcy of Science.

This metaphorical phrase is obviously taken from the mercantile world. A bankrupt is one who cannot pay his debts, whose place of business is disgraced. Bankruptcy is failure to meet one's obligations. But a merchant cannot fail unless he owes something—unless he has made promises that he cannot fulfill. Science owes nothing; science has given no promises; science does not recklessly prophesy, and when it does foretell, its anticipations are based upon exact data, capable of verification—witness the planet Neptune and the element Argon. Science is not a person, nor a corporation, nor an institution; it is not an academy nor a university. It is an abstract term, which grows more and more definite as civilization advances. It means the sum of accurate, systematized knowledge—of ascertained truths—as any doubter may discover if he will consult the citations of a standard lexicon in French or English. Science is advanced by men of learning, skill, accuracy, care. They may propose hypotheses; they may make mistakes; they may fail in their promises; they may be bankrupt. But science goes steadily onward. It has no more failed than knowledge has failed.

* * * * *

Why should anybody, even in the arena of philosophical debate, "make fun" of science? Why should anybody attack science as if it were brewing mischief to the ideas and traditions upon which our civilization is based? Science is harmless. It is beneficent. Every important advance brings in its train great good to humanity. Consider a single region—the domain of medicine and surgery—and think what good has come from inoculation, anæsthesia and antisepsis. Look elsewhere for other benefits. Think of the intellectual emancipation which has followed in its train. Then be full of hope for humanity, for science is here to stay—science, the synonym for established truths in the natural world; science, the interpreter of the cosmos in which we dwell; science, the promoter of health and comfort; science, not the foe, but the handmaid, of that true religion which cometh down from above.—*D. C. Gilman, in the Cosmopolitan for July.*

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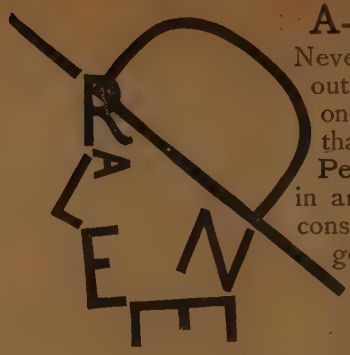

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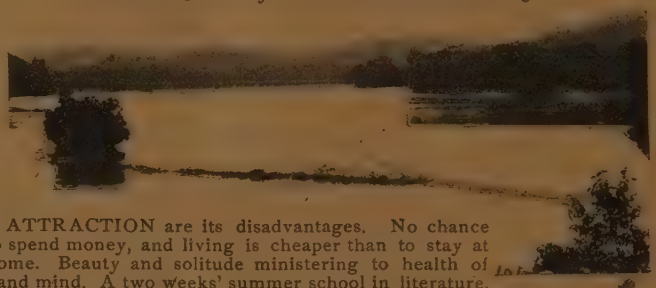

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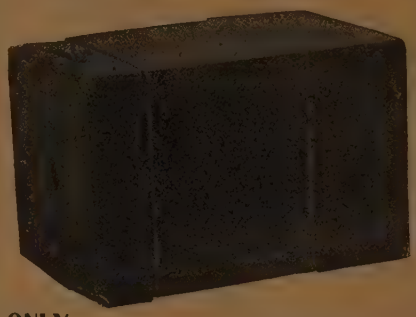

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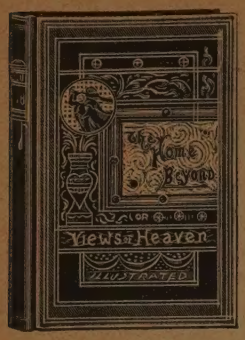

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